BDJRN_NL
BX
801
.M3
v.4
(1915)

The Maine Catholic Historical Magazine

VOL. 4 WATERVILLE, MAINE, JUNE, 1915. No. 6

Published monthly, under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Portland, and the Maine Catholic Historical Society

Subscription Price . . . . . $1.00 Per Year

Entered as second-class matter July 16, 1913, at the post office at Waterville, Maine under the act of March 3, 1879.

CONTENTS.

Diocesan Chronology, May 1915
Diocesan Notes
Chronology of Sisters of Mercy in Diocese of Portland
Chronology of Sisters of Notre Dame in Diocese of Portland
Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, A Tribute
Poetry—Written for the Maine Catholic Historical Magazine
"Suffer the Little Ones to Come to Me"
The Song of the Stars
At Eventide
A June Idyl
The Three R's and Another R
The Coming of the Sisters of Mercy to Diocese of Portland
The Madigan Memorial Hospital, Dedicatory Exercises.
Life of Cardinal Cheverus
His First Experiences in Indian Life
Leaves from Old Catholic Directories
An Episode in our History
The Catholic Church in Maine
Sebastian Rale, Missionary

DIOCESAN CHRONOLOGY—MAY

7. Conference at City Hall in Portland between a committee of Bishop, Pastors of city and some prominent Catholic laymen on part of Church and His Honor the Mayor and a committee of City Government and School Board, on question of school funds received by the city from the state for the pupils attending the Catholic Schools. Points of justice and equity presented by the Bishop.

9. Sunday. Corner Stone of new St. Louis' Church, Auburn, blessed by Rt. Rev. Bishop, sermon by Rev. Fr. Rabel, S. M.

13. Ascension Thursday. Confirmation at St. Dominic's at 10 A. M.
Confirmation at St. Peter's Church, Lewiston, at 3.30 P. M.

15. Gift of $2,000 received for the St. Edward's School at Bar Harbor.
Gift of $5,000 received from Mr. Frank W. Cunningham, to complete a second Burse for the education of young boys for the priesthood.

16. Sunday. Confirmation at St. Peter's Church for Italian Catholics at Portland, 3.30 P. M.

18. Annual conference of the Diocesan Clergy at Kavanaugh School Hall 2 P. M. Address by Rt. Rev. Bishop.
Bazaar opened in new St. Peter's Hall for Italian Catholics

19. Visit of Rt. Rev. Bishop to Old Town and Orono, address at latter place on the question of Catholic education and need of a new school at Orono.

20. Annual Conference of the Diocesan clergy of Central Maine at St. Mary's School Hall, Bangor, address by Rt. Rev. Bishop.

21. Conference of priests in Bangor and vicinity at St. Mary's Rectory, on matters connected with the new Orphan Asylum property. Meeting of the Orphan Asylum Corporation at office of Matthew Laughlin, Esq. Visit to Mt. Merici Convent at Waterville, canonical examina-

tion of candidates for the Religious Profession. Visit to Gardiner, inspection of the work on new Church.

23. Sunday. Pentecost Sunday. Collection for Diocesan Charities in all the Churches of Diocese,
Confirmation in the Cathedral, Portland at 3.30 P. M. Rt. Rev. Bishop preached at St. Dominic's in the evening. Visit of the National President of the A. O. H. to Portland.

30. Sunday. Confirmation at St. Augustine Church, Augusta, 3.30 P M.

31. *Memorial Day.* Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered in the Chapel at Calvary Cemetery, So. Portland.

DIOCESAN NOTES

NOTES: Rt. Rev. Bishop of Portland granted "Exeat" or "Permission to Rt. Rev. Mgr. Hurley and thus transferred him to the jurisdiction of the Archdiocese of Boston.

The Catholic Choral Union of Portland, organized last December, made up of the members of all the Catholic choirs of Portland, preparing for a grand "Sacred Concert" to be given in City Hall Auditorium on Monday, June 21, in commemoration of the fifteenth anniversary of the opening of the first Catholic School at the Cathedral, Portland in September, 1864, and at St. Dominic's in September, 1865.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY IN THE DIOCESE OF PORTLAND

1858. July 16th, Sisters of Mercy were invited to the Diocese of Portland by Rt. Rev. Bishop Bacon, and founded a Mother House and Academy in Manchester, N. H. (then a part of the Diocese of Portland).

1865. Aug. 5th, opened a Convent in Bangor, and an Academy and School later in the same year.

1871. Opened an Academy in North Whitefield.

1873. May 31st, came to the City of Portland and opened the Orphan Asylum on Free St. in the building now known as the Catholic Institute.

1873. September, took charge of the Catholic Schools in Portland, the Cathedral and St. Dominic's Schools, and opened St. Elizabeth's Academy on Free St.

1875. The Academy at North Whitefield closed and the Orphans transferred from Portland to North Whitefield, where they remained until 1888.

1881. St. Joseph's Academy, Deering, opened.
St. Joseph's Old Ladies Home, Deering, opened.

1883. The Mother House of the Sisters of Mercy established in Portland by Rt. Rev. Bishop Healy, just before the separation of New Hampshire from the Diocese of Portland.

1884. Establishment of the Diocese of Manchester, hence the Sisters of Mercy in Maine from that time separated from the Mother House at Manchester, N. H.

1888. Aug. 5th, St. Elizabeth's Orphan Asylum on High St., Portland, opened and return of the Orphans from North Whitefield.

1907. Holy Innocents Home for Infants established at the Corner of Sherman and Mellen Sts., Portland.

1908. Large property at Deering purchased for the Mother House of Sisters of Mercy and St. Joseph's Academy.

1909. September, Mother House of Sisters of Mercy transferred from Free St. to Deering, and St. Joseph's and St. Elizabeth's Academies united in St. Joseph's Academy of Maine, Deering.

1909. September, opening of the Catholic Institute for Boys in the building on Free St., that had been successively the Bishop's Residence, Orphan Asylum, Convent, Academy and Mother House of Sisters of Mercy.

1909. Two Catholic High Schools for Girls opened, one at the Cathedral and the other at St. Dominic's; both united at the Cathedral Catholic Girls High School in Kavanaugh School in 1910.

1914. St. Joseph's Home for Old Ladies transferred from Deering to the Cathedral property in Portland.

1915. Charter for St. Joseph's Academy and College for Women granted by the State Legislature.

THE SONG OF THE STARS.

Sang the star in the West unto the star in the East:
"Last even as I stepped slowly down
Through the far steeps of Heaven,
I counted the good deeds I saw done on earth,
And I counted but seven."

Sang the star in the East unto the star in the West:
"In truth, that were little enough for a great world to do,
But hearken, forsooth;
This morning when I, pale with watching, passed by
Where the Angel of Records sets seal with the sun
He had record of one;
And that was of women, who, hearing the cry
Of this sad sister woman, had stopped on their high
Open paths of good honors, and stooping aside,
Had given their best for these souls crucified,
Who but for this mercy, forever had died."

CHRONOLOGY OF THE SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME

1864-1873.

1. Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame of Montreal in Portland upon invitation of Rt. Rev. Bishop Bacon, in autumn of 1864.

2. Notre Dame Convent and Notre Dame Academy for girls opened in a building on the site of the present Cathedral Sacred Heart Primary School for Boys. At the same time, St. Aloysius Day School for Girls opened on what is now the corner of Sheridan and Congress Streets; site of house occupied by residence of Mr. F. W. Cunningham. On the second floor of this school was a Chapel where Mass was celebrated each Sunday for the people.

3. School opened in St. Dominic's in December 1865.

4. The big fire of 1866 swept away all the Cathedral School Houses and Cathedral Church property, and the Sisters returned to Montreal.

5. Sisters returned in 1867 and reopened Academy and School on Free St., corner of Oak, and taught school for the Cathedral and St. Dominic's until the year 1873, when they returned to Montreal and were replaced by the Sisters of Mercy from Manchester, New Hampshire.

A TRIBUTE TO THE SISTERS OE THE CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME

Pioneer Catholic Teachers of Maine.

The Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame came to Portland at the invitation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Bacon in the year 1864. They opened an Academy for young ladies in their Convent on Cumberland Street on the site now occupied by the Sacred Heart School. They also opened two Parochial schools. The school in the Cathedral Parish was a poor wooden building containing four rooms, and a hall which served as a Chapel where Mass was offered every Sunday as the Sacred Heart Chapel was too small to accommodate the parishioners. The school was placed under the protection of St. Aloysius; it was situated on Congress Street. Sheridan Street now crosses the location of its recess grounds. Sister M. Winifrid, Sister M. Hilary with two other Sisters commenced school work in this place which was anything but suitably equipped for educational purposes. There were about three hundred children enrolled in this school.

Sister St. Cecilia and Sister St. Frances assembled the children of St. Dominic's Parish in the two vestries of the old St. Dominic's Church, and in these two rooms over one hundred children received an elementary education.

After the great fire of 1866, at which time the convent of Notre Dame was burned, the Sisters of Notre Dame were recalled to their Mother House in Canada and there remained for a year. They returned to Portland and resumed their duties in the schools and continued to teach there until 1873, when the Sisters of Notre Dame resigned the charge of the Parochial Schools of Portland.

Notwithstanding the many and great disadvantages under which these good Religious labored in the Portland of fifty years ago, their efficacious instruction to the children committed to their care had far-reaching results for good. They laid the foundation of Catholic Education broad and deep in the Diocese of Portland. The women of today in Portland who were the pupils of these Pioneer Religious Teachers of the State of Maine, may be known by the cultivation of their manners and their truly Christian deportment.

When the Sisters of Mercy replaced the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame in Portland in 1873, they found the Parochial Schools well established, the former pupils of the

Notre Dame Religious courteous and reposeful, and their general bearing in the class room reflected great credit on those who had so trained them in the ways of modesty and decorum.

The names of Madame St. Josephine and her companions in Religion are spoken with reverence and benediction by all who had the privilege and the honor of being pupils of these model teachers of half a century ago.

The Religious of the Order of Mercy who came to Portland for the Orphan Asylum in 1872 and to teach Catholic Schools in 1873, remembered with gratitude the thoughtful kindness of those who had taught here before them, for in a spirit of helpfulness to the teachers who were to be their successors these gracious Religious of Notre Dame had written on the blackboards of the different class rooms the schedule of studies for the respective grades, so that when school duties were resumed in the autumn, the Sisters of Mercy knew just the page in every text book used in the schools, on which to assign the lessons to the children.

Many of these children afterward became religious, and thus continued the work so well begun by their first teachers. Miss Annie Callaghan, a gentle gifted girl entered the Congregation of Notre Dame. Among those who joined the Order of the Sisters of Mercy, were Sister M. Scholastica Anglin, Sister M. Pauline Stapleton, Sister M. Regis Gill, Sister M. Juliana McCann, Sister M. Flavia Wilkinson, Sister M. Elizabeth Flaherty, Sister M. Matilda Twomey, and Sister M. Clare McManus.

The Sisters of Notre Dame in Maine today in St. Patrick's parish, Lewiston, are emulating the zeal of their saintely Sisters of fifty years ago, in training gifted young women for the Religious State as well as instrucing maidens who are to be the future matrons in the ideal Catholic home. The Sisters of Mercy who were numbered among their pupils in later days are Sister M. Bernardine Callaghan, Sister M. Ernestine Cody, Sister M. Alice Ward, Sister M. Paschal Meloughney, Sister M. Florence Dealy, Sister M. Norberta Fitzgerald, Sister M. Cecilia McCormack, Sister Mary Coughlin, and Sister Flora Driscoll.

The Religious of the Congregation of Notre Dame Foundresses of Catholic Education in Maine.

1864-1873.

Madame St. Josephine, Sister Superior
Madame St. Emilia
Madame St. Euphrasine
Madame St. Winifrid
Madame St. Hilary
Madame of the Sacred Heart
Madame St. Bruno
Madame St. Cecilia
Madame St. Frances
Madame St. Joseph
Madame of Holy Providence
Madame St. Isabel
Madame St. Eugenie
Madame St. Esprit
Madame St. John of the Cross
Madame St. Emmerancia

Pupils of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame

1864-1873.

Miss Annie Cavanagh, Sister of Notre Dame
Miss Bogan, daughter of Capt. Bogan
Ellen Bradley
Margaret Bradley, Mrs. Murphy of Biddeford
Georgianna Brannagan
Alice Byrne, Mrs. Gormley
Ellen Cashman, Mrs. Fury
Ellen Connors, Mrs. Lawless
Cecilia Crowley
Mary J. Crowley
Julia Daly
Ellen Daly, Mrs. O'Brien
Adelaide Derby, Mrs. Gulliver
Mary Dolan, Mrs. Dreese
Margaret Fell
Mary Fuller, Mrs. McKim
Mary Gulliver, Mrs. Donahue
Ellen Gormley
Katherine Gormley, Mrs. Deehan
Rose Alice Henry
Miss Hollyhood
Nellie Jordan, Writer, New York

Mrs. J. Kelly
Lizzie Landers
Mary Kehoe, Mrs. Mulkern
Mary Landers
Catherine Leemon, Mrs. J. Welch
Sarah Larkins
Minnie Lowery, Mrs. Mitchell
Ellen Larkin, Mrs. Fitzsimmons
The Misses Le Prohon
Emma Lucas
Sarah McClinchy
Mary McClinchy, Mrs. Clancy
Bridget McDermott
Sarah McGowan, Mrs. E. Young
Sarah McShea, Mrs. Mullen
Cassie McShea
Rose Mullen, Mrs. Davis
Susie O'Neil, Mrs. Joyner
Isabel O'Neil
Mrs. Parker O'Connor
Margaret Parker, Mrs. Tobin
Mary Parks, Mrs. McDonough
Gertrude Steele
Mary Tobin, Mrs. McGonigle
Ellen Twomey
Annie Young

This is not a complete list.

Honorable Peter Charles Keegan

Sprague's Journal of Maine History in its May number of this present year, gives a very interesting sketch on the early life and work of one of our prominent and practical Catholic laymen, the Hon. Peter Charles Keegan, of Van Buren. Though yet a young man, Mr. Keegan has for a long time been in evidence before the people of our State, both as a member of the legislature, and the International Commission on the various interests to both the United States and Canada on the St. John River, on each occasion, rendering as the Editor well says, "an important service to the state and nation."

In our last Gubernatorial contest, Mr. Keegan entered the primaries for the cherished prize, carrying on his canvass with dignity and honor.

To Catholics irrespective of parties, Mr. Keegan, or "Peter Charles" as he is commonly called, is known for his sterling fidelity to the great mother Church which today governs the religious destinies of so many thousands of his fellow citizens in the Pine Tree State.

The Three R's and Another R

Out of Yale now comes the witness to the work and worth of our Catholic schools. Time was when religious schools were considered unnecessary, inefficient and unpatriotic. Now men who do some observing and thinking for themselves are reversing that judgment, and are declaring that the religious school is the only one that may be regarded as truly necessary, efficient and patriotic.

Of course in the old days before the people were flimflammed by the flattering, deceitful slogan "knowledge is power" men never thought of questioning the truth that religious training in the schools was absolutely indispensable. And there were no schools but religious schools in the land, and the famous universities of the country, such as Yale and Harvard were founded by religious bodies as religious schools. Then came the days when the people were fooled, and the educators were frightened by the Horace Mann propaganda, and they were led to believe that they could achieve the impossible, viz, banish religion from the school and still have a school worthy of the name. A school, worthy of the name must above all things teach the elementary truths of man's nature and destiny, and must aim at character formation as one of its most important works. Well, they have made some castly experiments at teaching and character training where religion has been eliminated from the schools. And now they are beginning to see—they are being forced to see—that its results are most disastrous for religion, for the individual, for the family and for the state.

Of course Catholics, enlightened by God, and inspired by a high sense of duty went on providing their children with a religious education. Of what use was education if it were going to neglect or be hostile to the end and aim of man's existence? At first they were pitied as being unpractical; they were sneered at as bigots; then were attacked as unpatriotic. Now the attitude of men whose opinion is worth while is one of admiration and emulation of the Catholic school.

When ever the Catholic Church sets herself to any work, be very slow to condemn that work. If you do not understand her work, wait a while and try to learn. If you will not admit that she is infallibly guided by the Spirit of Truth, at least you will have to admit, if you know anything at all about history, that she has been in the world a long time—long enough to understand human nature; that she is the one institution that succeeds where all others fail; that she is the one

institution that survives where all others perish; that all the permanent qualities of civilization that the western world passesses, it has from the Catholic Church; that as Newman said, those who now speak against her, have to thank her that they are able to speak at all.

And now it begins to appear that the Catholic Church is again right in the matter of religious education. Professor George Wharton Pepper has been delivering the Lyman Beecher lectures at Yale University. These lectures were selected by the Yale School of Religion. Mr. Pepper is a lawyer of Philadelphia, and at one time held the Algernon Sydney Biddle chair of law in the University of Pennsylvania. In one of his lectures during the course at Yale he said: "In the Roman Catholic Church, where much of the educational work is done by the clergy, or by the sisters, in a struggle for the religious education for the young, they are undertaking that work against fearful odds. It is a terrible sacrifice on the part of our Roman Catholic brethren, and the wonder is how they can endure the sacrifice."

Professor Pepper here emphasizes a truth that is only too well known to us. We are working against fearful odds; we are making tremendous sacrifices in order that our little ones may have the right kind of education. We have to pay for the education of our children, and we have to pay for the education of other people's children. We maintain our own schools, and help to maintain the public schools. Will not the world admit that we have a noble and costly zeal for education? And is not the fact of our great sacrifices of no educational value for the world? Does it not show the world that we reverence our young, that we have a solicitude for our little ones? And how can we reverence them and have solicitude for them if we are not willing to make sacrifices for them? Is not the religion of the cross a religion of sacrifice? And does not sane philosohpy teach that anything worth while can be had only at the cost of sacrifice? And you, Catholic parents, have you not faith enough to believe that God will bless your sacrifices made in His name, and for His little ones. Has not God blessed those sacrifices already in a purely educational way?

Professor Pepper at Yale seems to think so, for he says: "There is no doubt in my mind, *that the Catholics have the finest system of tecahing possible,* and I am positive that the time is coming when a move will be promoted to have each religion care for the education of the children of their creed, just as the Catholics are doing at the present time. I believe that these various religions will receive a small compensation from the state for the education of each pupil. In this way the children of each creed will be freed from the rival claims of other creeds, and the time is not far off when to know God will be considered the

greatest of all uses of the human mind. And when this move is started you may be sure that it will have strong political backing."

Now if we said—and wo do say—"that Catholics have the finest system of teaching possible" some people would call that insane boasting. How do they like that coming from Yale?

"The time is not far off when to know God will be considered the greatest of all use of the human mind.' The complement of the mind is truth. God is supreme truth; therefore to know God is the complement of the mind, and its greatest use. Reason must admit this or deny the existence of God. This truth is the corner stone of our system of religious education. We have repeated it as the A, B, C of truth, and we have applied it as the A, B, C of education. Some people scoffed at us for repeating it, and attacked us for applying it. I wonder will they now admit it, since it comes out of Yale.

"SUFFER THE LITTLE ONES TO COME TO ME."

Close by Jordan's side in days departed
The Christ held commune with His friends and foes,
While at His feet the sick and broken-hearted
Laid down their burdens and forgot their woes.

The dreaming land stretched beautiful before them,
The bright stream rippled 'neath the passing breeze,
While blue the angel-haunted skies bent o'er them,
The rapt disciples and cold Pharisees.

Long, long He talked, and as they bent to hear Him
Make clear the precepts of the seers of old,
Some gentle mothers brought their children near Him,
And touched with reverent hands His garment's fold.

The awed disciples frowned upon their daring
And sought to chide them from the hallowed spot,
But He, the Master, gracious and forbearing,
Rebuked them with these words, "Forbid them not."

He called the children to Him and caressed them,
Smiled in their eyes and held them to His breast,
He set His hands upon their heads and blest them—
Those little souls He always loved the best.

THE COMING OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY TO THE DIOCESE OF PORTLAND

The old time saying "There is a Providence that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may" should be always taken to the letter whenever it is a question of fostering the beginnings of a great institution and giving it that field of usefulness wherein it may prove its worth for the upbuilding of the Kingdom of God.

In the coming of the Sisters of Mercy to the Diocese of Portland, July 16, 1858, we behold the exemplification of how from a small beginning, this institution of noble minded ladies devoted to the honor and glory of God, has today become a strong body for good throughout the length and breadth of the two States which then comprised the Diocese of Portland. There were four sisters accompanying Mother Warde on her arrival in Manchester on that July day, the feast of our Lady of Mount Carmel, 1858. Today there are in the Diocese of Manchester 250 Sisters of Mercy, while their number in the Mother Diocese of Portland, and State of Maine to which they came August 5th, 1865, has increased to 215 professed nuns, 30 novices, and 4 postulants.

Beginning with the old parish of St. Anne's in Manchester where Mother Warde and her four assisting sisters settled to work out their destiny under the guidance of that sterling, heroic, pioneer priest, the late Father Macdonald, we find them today directing the school destines of three other parishes in Manchester, the Cathedral, St. Patrick's, and the Holy Rosary.

The Catholic schools in Dover, Portsmouth, Nashua, Laconia, Lebanon, Keene, Franklin, Berlin and Claremont are in part under the charge of the Sisters of Mercy.

Besides the above mentioned schools under the care of the Sisters of Mercy in the Diocese of Manchester we might mention Mt. St. Mary's Convent and boarding school, St. Joseph's orphan asylum for boys, St. Patrick's orphan asylum for girls, St. Patrick's Home for aged women, St. John's Home for Aged Men, Sacred Heart Hospital, Working Gilrs' Home, Infant Asylum of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, all of which are now cared for by the Sisters of Mercy.

Turning to the parent diocese of Portland, State of Maine, to that summer day, August 4th, 1865, when six sisters under Mother Gonzaga O'Brien reached Bangor, we may trace their development in the diocese to the Cathedral, St. Dominic's Sacred Heart parishes in Portland; to St. Mary's at Augusta; St. Mary's at Bangor; Holy Redeemer at Bar Harbor; Immacu-

late Conception at Bath; St. Mary's at Biddeford; St. John the Baptist at Brunswick; Immaculate Conception at Calais; St. Anne's Pleasant Point; St. Joseph's Lewiston; St. Joseph's Old Town; St. Anne's Indian Island; St. Ignatius, Martyr, Sanford, and St. Mary's Houlton. In addition we might name as being under their care St. Joseph's Boarding and Day School for girls, Deering District, Portland, St. Elizabeth's Orphanage, the Holy Innocents Home, St. Anthony's Guild, Home for Working Girls, St. Joseph's Hospital and Home for Aged Women in Portland; and the magnificent new Madigan Memorial Hospital recently opened at Houlton, all of which represents growth of fifty years. Truly a magnificent showing on the part of this devoted institute. It may perhaps be of interest to our readers to recall a few facts incidental to their coming to the diocese of Portland. Some time previous to the foundation in St. Anne's Parish at Manchester according to the annals of the Sisters of Mercy, there took place in the old Mother House at Hartford, Conn., what has become know as Sister Martha's vision. The sisters had apparently closed their retreat and were about to return to their respective posts when Sister Martha, an invalid member of the society, remarkable for her humility and patience, asked for an interview with Mother Warde. "I was in a great hurry" writes Mother Warde "preparing to return to Providence when Sister Martha sent for me, saying she had something very important to tell me. I sent her word I did not intend leaving without seeing her. Shortly after, as I was packing a trunk, what was my surprise to see Sister Martha, like one risen from the dead, standing beside me. She said with great solemnity, 'fearing I should not see you, our Lord helped me to come to you. I hope and pray dear Reverend Mother, that you will not remain in Providence. I am not in the habit of dreaming, but, last night, being wide awake, I was permitted to see you in a newly built convent, with a great number of sisters around you. The house was large and handsome, with long corridors; it was on a rising ground, and built all for God by a holy priest. You are to go there, and you will do more for God than ever you did before. Let nothing prevent your going on this mission.' Mother Warde said simply: "I shall surely go wherever God appoints me to work for his glory."

Mother Warde shortly afterwards received a visit from Bishop Bacon of Portland, Maine. He gave her a cordial invitation to take a few members of her community and take charge of a new convent and school recently erected by Father William Macdonald in Manchester, N. H. Having obtained permission of her ordinary, Bishop McFarland, of Hartford, Mother Warde gladly accepted Bishop Bacon's invitation, surprised doubtlessly on her arrival at Manchester to see how admirably Father Macdonald's convent compared with that portrayed in Sister

Martha's vision. Detained by urgent business at Portland the good Bishop of the diocese was unable to welcome in person the Sisters of Mercy to their home at Manchester. In addition to the presence of his Vicar General the late Venerable John O'Donnell, Bishop Bacon sent Fr. Sheridan from Portland as his personal representative to present to Mother Warde his welcome as expressed in a personal letter dated:

"PORTLAND, MAINE, July 30th, 1858.

My Dear Child:—

Hearing that you and your little colony will probably come to my diocese towards the middle of this month, I have made my arrangements to be free about the time of your arrival; but sickness obliged me to defer my engagements so that at the present moment, when I would wish to greet you in person I am denied the pleasure. But I hope to be able to welcome you in words before the end of next month. I returned from the extreme east yesterday, and must go back again tonight; my presence is expected, and necessary in many places.

You may be assured, however, that I bless a kind Previdence who has sent you and yours to aid and comfort me in my laborious mission, and I shall spare no pains to induce my clergy to speak in your behalf and my poor people to give you their patronage. You may have your struggles at the commencement, but patience and perseverance will carry you through; and the day will come when your community will be numerous and prosperous, and when you will have branches in every section of the states of Maine and New Hampshire. (A prophecy amply verified) Nothing shall be left undone on my part to make true the promise of the pious prelate of Hartford, that I would be to you a kind father and friend. I desire always to be such to all under my charge more especially to those who labor with me for the welfare of my children. Please present my affectionate regard to all your ladies, and receive for yourself, as for them, my benediction. Believe me,

Yours sincerely in Christ,

DAVID WM. ———,

Bp. of Portland.

P. S. I have written to Fr. Macdonald, sending him a few lines to be addressed in my name to all the priests in the diocese as soon as your plans will be formed. D. W. B."

Shortly afterwards Mother Warde was gladdened by a letter from her former Bishop who had chanced to meet Bishop Bacon in New York and from the good reports he received from the sisters felt that he should write them a few words of encouragement. "I saw your good Bishop," writes Bishop McFarland, "last week in New York. I am sure you will be quite pleased

with each other, and that you will succeed in doing much good in his diocese. He is very zealous, and anxious for the success of every good work. Of course you hear frequently from the sisters here . They had a superior retreat conducted by Father Deshon. Last week two were received into the novitiate. This week two more expect to be received. I do not know their names. The sisters are all about as well as when you left them. They are thinking of the arrangements for next year. What these may be I cannot tell, but you will hear as soon as they are completed.

Last week I saw Mother Agnes; also the Mother who with nine sisters is going to the new house in Cincinnati, from Kinsale. They both inquired very kindly for you. . . . Iwill close this note by asking your prayers. Accept, in return the poor prayers and blessings of

Your devoted friend and brother in Christ,
FRANCIS PATRICK MCFARLAND,
Bp. of Hartford."

The community at Manchester flourished. Requests for sister were received from Bishop Wood of Philadelphia and Bishop O'Gorman of far away Nebraska, but the good Bishop of Portland already had in mind another opening in his diocese, that of St. John's at Bangor, Maine. Mother Warde had just established a little colony at Omaha, Nebraska, when she received the following application from Bishop Bacon of Portland. Dating his letter:

"PORTLAND, March 22, 1865.

My dear Mother Xavier:

Do you think you could divide your little community so as to take the Bangor mission in Maine? The parish schools number about four hundred children; there will be excellent chances for a paying academy. There is a good house and plenty of land. There is also a mission at Whitefield, where there is a small wooden house and land—several acres. There I intend an asylum for orphan girls. I am sorry now that I consented to the establishments in Philadelphia and Nebraska. But I could not foresee at the time I would be so soon prepared (for the sisters) myself.

The house in Manchester is to be the Mother house until I can as I hope, transfer it to Portland at some future day. I cannot at all times do as I desire, having to depend on the whims as well as the labors of others.

The division of the nuns will weaken the house in Manchester for awhile. But a kind Providence will send us good subjects. He has done so heretofore, and will continue, we must hope. My only fears are that the heads to take charge who have the

necessary prudence and who can command the respect and love of others may not be found so easily.

Please answer me immediately and state your views and precisely what you can do. The priests in both these places are pressing me to let them know what can be done for them.

Remember me kindly to all the sisters, and

Believe me, Yours sincerely in Christ,

DAVID WM.,
Bishop of Portland."

It was on the beautiful feast of Our Lady of the Snows, 1865, that the Sisters of Mercy began their labors in the interest of the children of St. John's Parish, Bangor. Six years later they took charge of the parish school in the old mission parish of Whitefield. Three years later the sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame who had had charge of the schools in Portland since 1864, decided to leave the diocese, much to the regret of the Right Reverend Bishop who at once wrote Mother Warde as follows under date:

"PORTLAND, July 23, 1873.

My dear Mother Warde:

When I wrote asking if you could give me eight or nine sisters well qualified to teach I had fears that I might need them, today all suspense is at an end. . . . .

Here then is my position: Eight or nine classes of girls of the parish schools; from sixty to eighty girls would attend a pay school; among these thirty or forty learning music. All these require teachers in September. Otherwise they will enter the public schools and the labor and sacrifice of sixteen years will be lost. I will now state to you what were my terms with these ladies: I paid them $200.00 a year for each sister employed in the parish schools, the proceeds of the pay schools which with music should have realized between $3000.00 and $3500.00 a year were entirely theirs.

They furnished their convent, the rent of which was paid by their boarders.

I am certain that they saved money every year . . . If you cannot relieve me, I must without delay seek sisters elsewhere. As I expect the Archbishop tomorrow, I cannot go to you. If you could come here you would see at a glance what is to be done, and what are your prospects of success, and then judge if you have the proper subjects to deal with.

It seems to me that Providence in trying me, is opening to your community a noble field. . . . .

Yours sincerely,

DAVID W.,
Bishop of Portland."

(To be continued.)

The Madigan Memorial Hospital

Tuesday, June 10th, 1915, must ever remain a memorable day in the annals of Houlton, one of Maine's most prosperous and thriving towns, since to this date future generations must ever look for the official taking over of the princely home of the late Hon. J. C. Madigan, and the solemn dedication of the same to works of mercy under the kindly ministering hands of the devoted Sisters of Mercy.

The perpetuation of the memory of the pioneer Catholic families of our State, is a duty which we owe them both because of their sacrifices and the cause which they so nobly represented. Many of them lived in days when the very atmosphere about them was hostile, and when the encouragement offered them was scant and rare. Now that these trying time have happily passed, there must nevertheless remain about their homes, an air of reverence and veneration, for they have been asiles as it were where the early leaders of the Church in New England found that sympathy and hospitality, so essential to the success of their work.

Such in bye gone days, has been the Madigan homestead, and it is therefore most appropriate that it should not pass, so to speak, from a family old in the Catholic history of our State into strange hands, but rather that it should be taken over and cared for by that great institution which surviving the passing of ages, carefully treasures the memories of her faithful children. Under the fostering care of the Catholic Church, the home of that sterling Catholic, the Hon. James C. Madigan, afterwards of his son, Albert W. Madigan, becomes a refuge, a sanctuary, where the many ills to which poor fallen humanity is a victim, will receive the best treatment known to science, and where those consolations known only to the child of the one true faith, will be gently laid beside the sufferer's pillow, doing perhaps more for the recovery of the stricken, bringing more real peace than all the arts of man can assure.

The founder of this beautiful domesne, now under the care of the Sisters of Mercy, was the late Hon. James Cottrill Madigan, long a prominent figure in the affairs of our State. Descended from some of the earliest Catholic families in Maine, Mr. Madigan was born in Damariscotta, Maine, July 22, 1821, from the marriage of Captain John Madigan and Elizabeth Cottrill, and was the grandson of Walter Madigan and Catherine Cottrill.

After graduating from Georgetown College, James took up the practice of Law. October 8th, 1846, Mr. Madigan married Marianna Whittier of Belfast, and after a short stay at Fort Kent, took up his residence at Houlton. A convert to our holy faith, Miss Whittier proved a most devoted wife and faithful helper to her husband during his long and honorable career. Their union was blessed with ten children, seven daughters, and three sons. Four of the Madigan girls entered the cloister, and three the holy state of matrimony, Frances marrying, Clarence Pierce, Harriet, J. L. Cunningham of Springfield, Mass., and Anna, T. V. Cunningham, a prominent Boston lawyer.

Of the three sons, The Hon. John B. Madigan of Houlton, is the sole surviver, Albert having died, Nov. 2, 1913, and James C., his father's namesake, in childhood.

It fell to the lot of the surviving son, the Hon. John B. Madigan, to place in the hands of Mother Church whom his dear departed parents had so long revered, the home so sanctified by their Christian lives, and about which must ever cluster so many memories of the past.

At the solemn dedicatory exercises, June 10, 1915, speaking in behalf of his family, with a conviction that he was voicing the wishes of his departed brother, father and mother, Mr. Madigan said:

"I cannot but feel that the dedication of this institution is an important event in the history of our community. May it prove a blessing and a comfort to us all, and continue to heal the sick, cure the afflicted and relieve the suffering long after we have been forgotten. Thereby with the devout wish of my brother be fulfilled and the memory of our beloved parents be preserved.

"Among you, their friends and neighbors, all their happy days were spent, and in your hearts and the hearts of those who came after us may their memory be enshrined.

"When my father and mother came to Aroostook it was before the days of railroads, before the days of the telegraph, before the days of electric lights, before the days of the telephone. They enjoyed none of these blessings. It was before the days of science, before the days of the surgeon. To institutions of this kind throughout the world suffering mankind, the lame and blind, have come to seek assistance.

"A surgeon but a few short years ago was summoned from across the water to straighten out the tortured and crooked limbs of the millionaire's child. That surgeon taught to the world science that enabled his fellow surgeons to bring relief and comfort to the father and mother in the humblest homes of the land, and this institution in the future we hope may do for this community and this section what other institutions similar to this have done throughout other parts of the world.

Open to All.

"Its portals are open to all, regardless of race or creed. Its portals in the past have harbored and extended hospitality to the clergy of all denominations, to people regardless of creed, regardless of race, regardless of church. They have all received the same kind of hospitality, the same kind of friendship, for it was among people of all nationalities that the father and mother of the man who donated this institution to you made their friends and spent their lives.

"Here the father of my brother closed his eyes in death; here his heart was centered, in the people of the state of Maine, in the people of Aroostook county and in the people of Houlton. His handclasp knew no sect, his friendship knew no class, neither creed nor purse marked his affection, love or assistance, and this institution is founded on the same principle.

"It is to bring relief, help and assistance to all alike, and we trust and feel that the people of this community will look at it in that same broad light. For the blessings which it has already extended have been limited to no class or church. It is for the broadest principles of charity, the same kind of charity that made the white-capped sisters go across the battlefields cooling the fevered brows of the wounded and dying soldiers and comforting all alike. In that same spirit the sisters in this community are laboring; not for the benefit of one but for all."

At the close of Mr. Madigan's short but deeply touching presentation address, the Rt. Rev. Bishop of the Diocese of Portland, Louis Sebastian Walsh, D. D., most eloquently portrayed the Catholic ideal of an institution devoted to the care of human ills, accepting with unfeigned pleasure for the cause of religion and humanity, this gift at the hand of an old and honored Catholic family, with the well defined hope that it would realize the highest ideals of the Church for all may seek consolation within its venerable walls.

Deeply impressed with the beauty of his subject, Bishop Walsh feelingly said:

"Reverend Fathers and Beloved People: The Catholic church always explains her doctrines and her practices. Sometimes she is obliged to defend them, but usually she says nothing, simple invites the world to come and perceive, that is the old gospel practice. Our Blessed Lord when He was walking along the shore of Galliee and St. Peter walking along the streets of Rome, simply said to all classes, 'Come and see. The blind see, the deaf hear, the lepers are cleansed,' and Our Lord set down that principle. 'If you do not believe me believe my works,' and so it has been from the time of Our Lord to the present hour. The Catholic church across the centuries, whether in times of praise or in times of criticism, has simply used Our Lord's own words, 'Come and see the fruits.'

"And so my good people, today in opening formally, in dedicating this new institution of science and of charity we have no other words to say but the very same, it must stand or fall by its own fruits. Compliments will not make it and no word can destroy it. By their fruits you shall know them and, therefore, if in 10 or 20 or 50 or 100 years from now this institution has not acquired the good will and secured the friendship and support of the community it must take the blame itself because it has now to prove without words the reason for its existence. That is the first thought which I place before you.

"Now the next is this, a hospital is to relieve pain, to cure the sick and the diseased, to relieve them if they cannot be cured, and in our Catholic point of view there is a last object when there is no hope of cure, and no relief from pain, to teach people how to die. There is the whole philosophy and religion of this institution, and I say now that this is something which belongs to religion. When Our Lord walked among men, the feeble, the blind, the poor, the diseased were all put out of life in the shortest quickest way. The science of Greece, the knowledge of Rome taught the multitudes that there was nothing in humanity, nothing in man that should be protected except power.

"If they were strong enough for war or able to show strength in the world, preserve them; if they were weaklings, if they were diseased, if they were poor, blind or lame, put them out of existence as quickly and as quietly as you can. That was the philosophy, even in the highest civilization, in the time of Rome and Athens.

Christ's New Doctrine.

"Our Blessed Lord came and in the presence of that teaching he went out into the highways and stretching out His hands He took the poor, the blind, the lame, the weak, the child, and the old man and woman and he raised them up and He taught them that there was something so sacred in each human life and each human soul that nobody in this world had a right to take it from them. It was a new doctrine unheard of up to that time, and Our Lord, no matter what opposition, taught that mankind, man, woman and child represented something noble and great and beautiful in the eyes of their Father, Almighty God, therefore, no matter how the world might have been against them, nor how feeble they might be, they must be respected.

"Many of the more worldly people opposed, yet that doctrine was taught and practiced, that doctrine saw institution after institution rise up in the midst of all the glories of Rome and Greece, and it was the Christian idea of religion that man's soul is immortal and man's body divine. Now then, whatever is true in religion is also true in philosophy. There can be no contradiction between the two when each is properly carried out and

so there was also a Christian Philosophy. Upon that the Catholic church has raised up her institutions all over the world, and the states, the kingdoms and the empires, I am happy to say, saw the fruits and were ready to come and assist, to comfort and cheer the sick, the blind, the deaf, the dumb and the weak. That is the reason why all over christendom today you will find that hospitals were the general outgrowth of this teaching of our blessed Lord and of the Catholic church.

"Now then this philosophy and this religion is unchangeable because our Lord's doctrine is founded upon the divine origin of mankind and, upon that basis everything else is built. Therefore, my dear people, when we today open this institution we also proclaim that same doctrine and philosophy and we say by the fruits of the institution the philosophy and the religion must be made known and prove itself.

Accepts the Institution.

"Therefore, it is my great pleasure to come here today, to accept this institution and to bless it, and to offer it to the city, and to the county and to the state, and to say—Come and see, which, judge for yourselves, accept no one's word, be guided by your own judgments. I say this today in a special manner because I fear sometimes that, in the midst of all the confusion of ideas that is at present evident, we are going back to that old pagan doctrine of Rome, whereby the weak ones in this world have no rights.

"Oh, it is not an uncommon doctrine, taught today under the name of science, that man has the right to kill the weakling, the weakling babe in the womb of its mother, the weakling babe that is born and its mother dies, the one is deformed or diseased, so that there is no hope whatever of building up man or woman. A doctrine is coming that would allow, I do not say justify, but allow that same old theory that there is no place in this world except for the strong.

"If we ever go back to those days of old, it would mean the undermining of all that is precious in the gospel page, because when our Lord went around and taught us to respect the weaklings of mankind, it was to teach us that their rights were just as sacred as our own. Therefore, the church points out that doctrine once and again. "Thou shalt not kill,' and no one in this world has a right to take away one moment of life from a single human being, because the single human being has that divine right to live and God alone is the one to decide when and how it shall go out of this world.

"Again, when our Lord and the church found themselves in the presence of the diseased of the world, they tried first to alleviate the misery not by seeking out the cause, so much as by silence and sacrifice, by long, patient watching and waiting to

bring relief and thereby secure the good that came from the Christian doctrine of man, woman and child. Today this institution is founded to build up those same ideals, to keep beautiful and strong the lessons of the gospel pages, and if it does that it will have accomplished its purpose, the purpose also of the mind and heart and soul of the giver.

Old Catholic Family.

"This is the beginning, the gift from one of the old Catholic families of the state of Maine and New England, you know it well, the family history goes back to the time when there were only a few hundred Catholics all over this vast state, and when to be a Catholic meant to sacrifice day by day, many of the things that the world esteem, nevertheless, faith, hope and charity, the three great Christian virtues, had been sowed in the souls of that family and remained during all those years. In building up worldly resources, the family traditions that had been born and bred in this old mansion filled the heart of Albert Madigan, with charity and enabled him to offer this to the city, the county and the state as a result of the teaching of the Catholic church. It is, therefore, a pleasure for me to come here to bless and dedicate this home. It is a duty too for me to express the gratitude of both church and state to the family that has done so well, and then to ask for the co-operation, assistance and generosity of the people to build it up little by little, until I hope it will become one of the greatest institutions in our state of Maine and in New England.

"I said that the hospital is to relieve pain, at times to cure. Under the knife of the surgeon, to his skill, to science and philanthropy, beautiful ideals are present in the hospital, in the operating room, in the wards. No one is willing to praise the science and skill of the surgeon's hand and knife more than I, but I know that sometimes they are powerless, and to everyone there comes a time when nothing in this world can conquer disease.

"Then it is important to teach people how to die. For that purpose as well as all the other purposes of charity we have the sisters who give up their lives from the time that they are young, when their minds are alert, when their hearts are young and strong and fell all the desires that come to them from Almighty God. They come and spend their lives in alleviating pain, in curing when possible, in giving comfort, consolation, and courage, and at the last moment kneeling at the bedside with the crucifix to teach the lessons of our blessed Lord on the Divine element in man, woman and child in life and of the immortality of the human soul. Thus this building will teach its lesson, the service inside will be a lesson of charity."

"Charity and science, I trust, will be the two great guardian angels. We want science to come in all its true forms and give the very best, we want charity to be the dominating angel in order to perpetuate those beautiful Christian ideas, that should never depart from our midst, in that way the institution will be a blessing to the city, the county and the state.

"Later on, we will have, I trust, the generosity of many Catholics and others to help in its development. The Catholic church has her faith, her practices, her devotions, but she never asks anybody else to take part in them unless they do so of their own free will and with a devout heart. She is willing that all should share the blessings of liberty that she asks for herself. We will receive people of all religions and of no religion within these walls and trust that the institution will do a noble, beautiful work.

Asks for Generosity.

"One word more. I ask for generosity. Usually at Catholic celebrations there is an opportunity for such generosity. We are hearing of generous minded people all over our land who are giving their wealth for charity. Only a few days ago I received one gift of $2,000 and another of $5,000. I am not always allowed to tell the names, sometimes I tell them when I am not restricted. Money is what most people love no matter what they say, money represents their thought, desires, labors and sacrifices of years and when they give up their money they give up their own blood. Thus generosity, with science and charity, will be the means of building up this institution on these grounds, along this hillside until every single infirmity is known to mankind or discoverable by science or charity will find a home here for its cure or its alleviation.

"My last prayer will be one that there shall be here what I may illustrate in one word. You all know the name of the greatest of modern physicians, the French doctor, Louis Pasteur of Paris, who probably has done more for the relief of pain and to prevent disease than any other one physician of our modern times. He gave his life studying diseases and conquering them and no one has been a greater benefactor to mankind. At the close of his life when all was gone, when he had reached the time when there was no science to help, no human aid could perpetuate his life, he was asked what were to be the words upon his monument and he said, 'Faith, hope, charity and science.'

"He placed the Christian virtues first and He made them all the handmaid of science and He made science the handmaid of all those virtues. So I ask as a prayer to Our Lord today that this institution should be a home of faith, hope, charity and

science like four beautiful angels to do everything possible to help the sick, to cure all ills, and when that is impossible to teach people how, with the crucifix in their hands, to go back to their Maker and give to Him the soul and the body that came from Him and thus carry out the lessons of Our Divine Lord that His doctrine should remain to the end of time.

"I thank you all for your kind attention here today in the name of the clergy, the sisters, the family who have been the beginning of this great work. I trust it will be for you all a satisfaction to come here and all see in this work the very highest ideals of our religion, of our church and all the noblest ideals of our great state of Maine."

AT EVENTIDE.

Into the fields at eventide I bore my heavy heart;
From anxious love's all-kindly eyes I went to grieve apart;
My sorrow darkened noon and night, my days were filled with pain;
The singing of the brook was sad as leaden falling rain.

The golden dust of sunset rays streamed level on the grass;
The bramble blossoms, white and wet, dropped in the narrow pass,
A rounded slope of green hillside beyond the orchard rose—
So still, so sweet, the waning day that breathed but of repose.

I looked into the northern sky's depths of azure calm;
Eastward, I saw the placid moon float up through mists of balm;
In the far southern heaven pulsed a star of purest light,
And westward, every glorious flame burned slowly into night.

With folded hands, I stood before the loveliness of earth,
And in my soul, too sad for prayer, a strange deep peace had birth.
Home from the fields at eventide, I came with glowing heart,
For *Love Divine* had met me there and set my grief apart.

Life of Cardinal Cheverus

His First Experiences of Indian Life.

For men reared amid the best surroundings, and all that the highest arts of civilization have to offer, the first days of missionary life among the primitive races of our State must have been trying in the extreme; yet the few details of their experiences that have come to us, as it were from out of the ruins of the past, only serve to show us that they were men capable of making the greatest sacrifices when it was a question of the upbuilding of the kingdom of God.

About all that we are permitted to know of their lives of sublime devotion is what we may obtain by reading between the lines of the letters which they wrote from time to time to some loved one at home, or to some dear co-laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. Father Cheverus forms no exception to the general rule. Like all his illustrious predecessors, he doubtless, found consolation in the frequent communications which he addressed to his Bishop or to his beloved friend and pastor, Dr. Matignon. He seemed to wish to make his cares and joys theirs, in a word, to keep them in constant touch with his existence on the mission, a fact which is amply evidenced by the many letters, written oftentimes at the close of a long and tiresome journey which had brought him to the shelter of some one of our early Catholic homes which while not numerous in his day, yet afforded him a haven of well earned rest, and a place where he could assemble a few of the faithful for Divine services.

Arriving as we have seen at Passamaquoddy, Sunday morning, July 30, 1797, on his first tour of duty among the Indians of our State, we note with pleasure how easily he accommodated himself to the few meager conveniences which they had to offer him, and best of all, far from any spirit of dissatisfaction, we find a well defined determination to take up his work without delay, and make the most of what had been committed to his care. His first aim was to find and know his people, to make their acquaintance and gain their confidence. In this he found happiness and consolation which made all else seem trivial. "I am very well and happy," Father Cheverus writes Dr. Matignon under date of August 10th of this same year," in spite of the dreadful weather we have had here since my arrival. I have however visited M. Allen's and Mr. Morin's family, and a few other people. Morin, his wife and four children have come to confession; they remained here with me Sunday and Monday.

Everybody I have seen as yet has been extremely polite; all wish to hear me, and I have some hope of being able to throw some seeds in this wild soil, which with the grace of God may in time produce fruits of life and immortality. Four or five Irishmen are the whole number I have as yet found out. I have visited Mr. William Higgins whose brother Patrick is now in Boston."

Father Cheverus at once gained the favor of Colonel Allen who had so often and persistently endeavored to have a priest permanently located at Passamaquoddy, and who did not disdain to share the missionary's humble dwelling. "Colonel Allen is now with me," states Father Cheverus in this same letter; "he came last night. I gave him my bed and slept on the bare boards as comfortably as on a feather bed. What others would call hardships are for me luxuries of life and agree extremely well with me. The other night I awoke and found myself nearly swimming in my bed, the violence of the rain had made a hole in the bark at the top of my wigwam; well that cold bath braced me, and far from catching cold, I felt stronger and more lively. The Indians will do everything we wish, Mr. Allen and myself, in order to get a priest. Mr. Allen thinks they may confine themselves to make to the general court a forcible application, without pointing out any particular mode of supporting their pastor and leave to him and to us to do the rest. I hope we shall succeed, and should the Bishop think it proper, I would be happy myself to be appointed to this mission. . . . They are literally like children, but properly managed, I think they would prove dutiful ones. They have been so tame since the little time I have been their Father. They love me; I am attached to them, and so much so to several of them, that I shall not leave them without bedewing the dear creatures with my tears."

"I have christened 14 children and married one couple. An account of this last I would fain give you, but neither time nor paper will allow. We have solemn procession on the Assumption day and about 20 communions. I have kept closely to Mr. Ciquard's rules with which some of those I could depend on, have acquainted me."

The letters from which we have given the above quotations gives us a good idea of Father Cheverus in the midst of his activities on this his first mission experience. He had recognized the good intentions of Colonel Allen, had taken him into his confidence, and together they were planning for the future spiritual well being of the Indian children of our State.

Our zealous missionary remained at Passamaquoddy until about the 20th of August when he took the first available sailing packet for Boston, promising to return in due time to his devoted people. He had apparently come to Maine on the sloop

Dolphin, Captain Samson, and it would appear that he enjoyed the courtesy of the same kind hearted commander for his return voyage. He seems to have become very friendly with Captain Samson whom he highly esteemed as a "really amiable young man" who "knows how to behave with a delicacy seldom to be met with in a sea-faring man."

It would indeed be interesting were we privileged to look in on the privacy of that residence on Quaker Lane, in Boston, where Dr. Matignon and his worthy assistant were talking over the incidents of his trip to the District of Maine. We would doubtless there glean many a fact, many an impression of Indian life and customs from the common experience of these two noted men. The serious phases together with the thousand and one droll incidents connected with the daily existence of the missionary among our Indian people were gone over in detail, and we may well imagine the remarks these two priests who while strangers in our land, were in hearty accord in their devotion to the duties and sacrifices demanded in the exercise of their sacred ministry.

The hardest question of all, the finding of a priest for the Passamaquoddy mission, was without doubt discussed. This point had for a long time been very close to the heart of the illustrious Bishop of Baltimore, but turn which way he would Bishop Carroll had to confess his inability to supply the needs of his immense diocese, and what oftentimes seemed like neglect to well meaning men like Colonel Allen, resolved itself into the simple fact that priests were not to be had in sufficient abundance to carry the tidings of salvation to all the scattered Catholics of our country, and to break the Bread of Life to the starving thousands.

The passing of the winter of 1797-98 and the coming of another spring again found Father Cheverus with his faithful Indian children at Passamaquoddy now however to remain but a short time ere passing over for his first visit to the Penobscots. As we have already dwelt on his work at Passamaquoddy we may well follow his toilsome journey from Pleasant Point to the bounding waters of the Penobscot.

At this day, it might be difficult for us to trace his path up and down the stream through the lakes across 'the deep tangled wildwood' to Old Town on Penobscot, had not the ever faithful missionary taken time to write at length a detailed account of his passage through the eastern virgin lands of our State. It was not long following his arrival at Indian Island, that Father Cheverus addressed the following deeply interesting letter to Dr. Matignon; dating his filial missive,

See letter of May 9, 1798

OLD TOWN, PENOBSCOT, June 7, 1798.

My dear Pastor:

As I suppose that you have had by this time plenty of my non-sense in L, shall now for variety sake give you some of it in English. I arrived here safe and hearty on Monday afternoon. I left Pleasant Point and Passamaquoddy on the Friday before, about noon. It was so bad weather that the Indians begged me to stop for the night, 10 miles from our departure at the mouth of the Schoudick ( ). I slept at one Mr. Brewer's who keeps a store and the last post office in the U. S. He received me politely. Captain Samson was lying at anchor close by, I went on board his vessel for a few moment. He was loading with plaster for Philadelphia. Two canoes from Passamaquoddy, with the three that had come from Penobscot formed our squadron. Their crews consisted of 8 men, 3 women and 3 children, and myself. We encamped in the woods during the nights of our journey through the wilderness. We had a great deal of rain, and the flies were very troublesome, but I felt no real inconvenience from it, and the last two nights I slept without interruption from the moment I laid down 'till the dawning of the day. We had no time to build any wigwams, but I slept under the shelter of a canoe. For the rest I fared very well. A good squaw who used to cook for me at Quoddy was in my retinue and took very good care of me.

From Friday at noon till within two miles of this place, on Monday afternoon, I did not see even a log house, nothing but woods and water. This was not however a gloomy sight. The land is covered almost everywhere with hard wood which at this season of the year looks beautifully green. There was also in many places as fine grass as I ever saw.

I anticipated in my mind the time in which this country would be settled. I indulged the pleasing idea, that it might one day become an asylum for Piety and Innocence now persecuted almost everywhere. Full of that hope and in order to consecrate it before hand, I celebrated high mass and vespers with my good Indians on Trinity Sunday. We passed six lakes, two pretty large ones through which runs the river Schoudick (————) which takes its rise from the last of them. The carrying place from the end of this lake to the Penobscot stream as the Indians call it, is supposed to about four miles, but I had rather walk twenty at any time. You cannot have any idea how bad is the way. The piercing eyes of an Indian can alone discover the path, and requires all their strength and nimbleness to get through it, loaded as they are either with their canoes or other luggage.

One of them however made a large hole in his canoe which luckily did not take a long time in mending. Large trees, some of them half rotten, which gave way the moment you set your

foot on them, lay across the way; here a dreadful swamp, there a slippery rock. I fell down half a dozen times, but did not hurt myself. I thought before that I was light-footed, and so the Indians say I am certainly for a white man. But when I compare myself with them, I believe I can crawl nearly as well as a snail. Besides the above carrying place, we went over nine others. Two might have been avoided by taking a longer run through the lakes, which I think would be the best. The seven others are some of them very short, the longest not two miles and none of them as bad as the greatone.

The Penobscot is so narrow at Penobscot, that two canoes could not go abreast, but it soon widens and becomes a fine river about 50 miles from the sea; but this as well as the Schoudick (Schoodic) is full of water falls, and it is only to avoid the worst of them that the Indians go over the carrying places. If there were no falls the long carrying place would be the only one.

I have just heard of a vessel going to sail from Boston. I shall send two Indians with the present letter. No vessels come nearer to this place than eleven miles. Waterfalls prevent them. Old Town is an Island. Nobody lives on it but the Indians. They are twice as numerous as at Quoddy. The country looks very fine. They do not wish to join those at Quoddy in going to Boston. Their sudden departure last year, they tell me was occasioned by a quarrel with Nicholas.

I am in a hurry; the bell rings for vespers. On account of the Procession and at another time, I suppose that I shall go from hence to Damariscotta at the end of this month. I expect to find there my trunk and everything necessary.

I am without any exaggeration very well in my health, so my dear Sir, were it as important to preserve it, as your tender friendship persuades you, be not anxious on that point. How I sail to Damariscotta, I do not know yet, but suppose I shall go in a canoe to Belfast forty miles from here, and then go on horse back and follow the Post road.

Respectful compliments to all inquiring friends and particularly, Messrs. Thayer, Beeston, Burke, Mr. Magner and family, Campbell, Burns, etc.

Adieu, My Dear and respectable friend.

I think with pleasure I am nearer to you than I was a week ago. Remember me before the Lord; beg Him that he may forgive all the faults which I commit every day not only in my private conduct, but moreover in the exercising of the ministry.

Adieu again.

Yours from my heart,

J. Cheverus.

P. S. Give my love to the Passamaquoddy Indians, particularly to any of the Neptunes. Although none are going from here, they may ask for both tribes.

The Indians here would be very glad to have a priest, but they seem persuaded that the court has cheated them out of their lands and that nothing can be obtained from the government.

May those of Passamaquoddy succeed!

Preservation of Catholic Documents

We note with pleasure that the learned editors of that excellent Magazine, "The Catholic Historical Review," have devoted a section of their quarterly to the publication of documentary history of the Church in our country, there being in the current issue, two documents of very special interest, viz.: "An Early Pastoral Letter, 1827," written to his flock for the Lenten season of this year by the Rt. Rev. Edward Fenwick, O. P., the first Bishop of Cincinnati. This letter is said to be "an authentic copy of the first Pastoral Letter ever printed west of the Alleghenies,—and "An Early Page in the Catholic History of New York," setting forth appeals made by our Catholic people in the summer of 1786 to Their Majesties the Catholic Kings of France and Spain for assistance in their efforts to provide a place of worship in what is now our great Metropolitan city.

The fact is, that documents of the nature above mentioned, have remained too long in the seclusion of our archives, awaiting only a little industry on the part of some one who would, like the editors of "The Catholic Historical Review," give them that publicity so essential in our day for creating that knowledge of the past history of the Church in our country which will eventually make it possible for the historian to write for future generations the real history of the Church in America.

The Official Catholic Directory

There is perhaps no book appearing annually that finds such a general welcome in the homes of the clergy, or brings to them such a vast fund of statistical information bearing on the development of the Catholic Church along her many and varied lines of usefulness. The careful study of its pages from year to year in comparison with the past brings home to us more clearly than any other available resource, the study yet progressive march of the Church onwards towards her glorious destiny in this our country, and what is true in general of the Church in the United States, becomes perhaps more evident, when we take the details in connection with each diocese from the day of its creation to the present moment.

In Kenedy's Directory for 1912, we find a short history of the Catholic Directory from its origin in America, which taken in connection with the history of the Church in our State should prove of value.

"Although the present volume," writes the editor of this work, "is No. 27 of the series started in Milwaukee, the history of the United States Catholic Directories, or almanacs, as they were formerly called, does not date from 1886. Far from it. The first Catholic Directory, or Catholic Laity's Directory, was published by M. Field of New York in 1817. An "Ordo" was published in Baltimore by J. Hayes in 1801, and while some authorities claim that his 'Ordo' of 1801 was the beginning, the concensus of opinion is that Field's Directory of 1817 was the first Catholic Directory of this country.

The next Laity's Directory appeared in 1822, published by W. H. Creagh in New York. For some years no Directories appeared, and the regular annual publication did not begin until 1833 when James Myres of Baltimore brought out his first 'United States Catholic Almanac.' Thereafter the volume appeared annually, for some years in Baltimore and later in New York; but during two years of the civil war, namely 1862 and 1863, the Almanac failed to appear. In 1862 the publication appeared giving statistics only for the State of Pennsylvania.

"In 1864 D. & J. Sadlier & Co., of Barclay Street, New York, resumed the publication under the name of 'Sadlier's Catholic Almanac and Ordo,' and continued the publication until 1896. In 1886 Hoffmann Bros. of Milwaukee, Wis., began the publication of an annual.

" 'The Catholic Directory and Clergy List Quarterly' and for 10 years both publications appeared, but as had been the

case earlier in the history of Catholic Directories, it was found that 'one year book' was sufficient for the needs of the country. Sadliers gave up the publication of their Directory and the Hoffmann venture passed into the hands of Messrs. M. H. Wiltzius & Co., by whom the Directory was published from 1897 to 1911, when 'The Official Catholic Directory' was acquired by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, one of the oldest Catholic Publishing Houses in the country, whose operations extend back to 1826 when Mr. John Kenedy opened a Catholic book store and began his publishing career in the Arcade, Baltimore, Md."

Some weeks ago through the kindness of Mr. Louis Kenedy of the firm of P. J. Kenedy & Sons, we were permitted to go over one of the very few existing sets of the Catholic Directories that have been published in the United States, and extract from the same whatever data pertained to the existence of the Church in the State of Maine. This matter is not easily attainable, for the reason that these sets are few, perhaps not over two or three in our country, hence its value for our Diocesan Magazine as showing the progress of the Church in our State from the early year of 1822, when we find the following entry for the Church in New England.

Laity's Directory

1822

Bishopric of Boston—All New England
Right Rev. Dr. Cheverus, Bishop
Two Churches in Boston
Cathedral of the Holy Cross
St. Augustine's

Note—There are in this diocese of Boston, four other churches, viz., one at Salem which is finished in very superior style; one at New Bedford, and two in the State of Maine, at Damascotti and at Whitefield.

As noted above, the next numbers of the Directory published, began in 1833, giving to the Church in Maine the following notices for each succeeding year.

Maine

1833

Eastport—Church not yet dedicated.
Indian Old Town, St. Anne's church, The Rev James Conway
Divine services at 10 A. M., and at 3 P. M. Sermon on both occasions.
New Castle, St. Patrick's—Vacant.

Pleasant Point, Church not yet dedicated—Vacant.
Portland, St. Dominics church
Rev. Charles French; Rev. Patrick McNamee
Mass at 10 A. M., and services at 3 P. M. Sermon at both.
Whitefield, Rev. Dennis Ryan
Mass at 11 A. M. Vespers immediately after mass, and a sermon.

Maine

1834

Portland, St. Dominic's
Rev. Charles French; Rev. P. McNamee
New Castle—Occasionally
Eastport, Rev. Charles French
North Whitefield, Rev. Dennis Ryan
Indian Old Town, St. Anne's, Rev. James Conway
Bangor, Rev. James Conway
Pleasant Point, Rev. Mr. Desmilliers; Rev. Mr. Petithomme

Maine

1835

Bangor,	The Rev. P. McNamee
Eastport, occasionally,	Rev. Simon Walsh
Indian Old Town, St. Anne's,	Rev. James Conway
North Whitefield,	Rev. P. Ryan
New Castle, occasionally,	Rev. Charles French
Portland, St. Dominic's,	Rev. Charles French
Pleasant Point,	Rev. Mr. Desmilliers

Maine

1836

Bangor,	Rev. P. McNamee
Eastport, St. Joseph's,	Rev. Francis Kiernan
Indian Old Town, St. Anne's,	Rev. James Conway
North Whitefield,	Rev. P. Ryan
New Castle, occasionally,	Rev. P. Ryan
Portland, St. Dominic's,	Rev. Charles French
Pleasant Point,	Rev. Mr. Desmilliers

Maine

1837

Augusta—Vacant
Bangor, Rev. Michael Lynch
Eastport, St. Joseph's, Rev. Francis Kiernan
Indian Old Town, St. Anne's, Rev. A. Petithomme
North Whitefield, Rev. P. Ryan
Newcastle, occasionally, Rev. P. Ryan
Portland, St. Dominic's, Rev. Charles French
Pleasant Point, Rev. Mr. Desmilliers

Maine

1838

Augusta (church not dedicated), Rev. Patrick Flood
This mission comprises Hallowell, Gardiner and Bath.
Bangor (church not dedicated), Rev. Michael Lynch
This mission comprises Stillwater and Belfast.
Benedicta (church not dedicated), vacant;
Visited occasionally from Bangor
This is a new and thriving settlement on a tract of land lately purchased (by the Bishop) of the state of Massachusetts, embracing nearly 12,000 acres. It lies in Penobscot county in Township No. 2, fifth range, between Solomon and Moluncas rivers.

The object of this purchase was to induce those among the Irish Catholics who were desirous of producing small farms to settle together as they could thus be more easily provided with a clergyman and enjoy the benefits of their religion. The settlement at the present time consists of between thirty and forty families and is daily increasing. The soil is of first rate quality and the climate exceedingly healthy,
Eastport, St. Joseph's, Rev. Francis Kiernan
New Castle, St. Patrick's,
Attended occasionally by Rev. Dennis Ryan
Old Town, St. Anne's (vacant).
This mission is among the Indians and embraces the Penobscot tribe. It is visited occasionally by Rev. M. Desmilliers.
Pleasant Point (church not dedicated), Rev. M. Desmilliers
This mission is exclusively Indian and is confined to the Passamaquoddy tribe.
Portland, St. Dominic's, Rev. Charles French
Whitefield (church not dedicated), Rev. Dennis Ryan
This mission embraces a considerable tract of the neighboring country.

Maine

1839

Portland, St. Dominic's,	Rev. P. Flood
Whitefield (church not dedicated)	Rev. Dennis Ryan
Augusta (church not dedicated),	Rev. Dennis Ryan
Newcastle, St. Patrick's,	Rev. Dennis Ryan
Bangor (church not dedicated),	Rev. Michael Lynch
Old Town, St. Anne's,	Rev. Edmund Murphy
Eastport, St. Joseph's,	Rev. M. Desmilliers
Pleasant Point, St. Anne's,	Rev. M. Desmilliers
Benedicta (church not dedicated)	

Maine

1840

Portland, St. Dominic's,	Rev. P. Flood
Whitefield, St. Dennis',	Rev. Dennis Ryan
Augusta (church not dedicated),	Rev. Dennis Ryan
Newcastle, St. Patrick's,	Rev. Dennis Ryan
Bangor (church not dedicated),	Rev. Michael Lynch
Old Town, St. Anne's,	Rev. M. O'Sullivan
Eastport, St. Joseph's,	Rev. Michael Lynch
Pleasant Point, St. Anne's,	Rev. M. Desmilliers
Benedicta (church not dedicated),	Rev. James Conway

It is here on a tract of five hundred acres specially reserved for the purpose, the Bishop has concluded to erect a college for the education of Catholic youths with an ecclesiastical seminary. The buildings are now being constructed for the purpose on a convenient scale and hopes are entertained that they will be in readiness for admission of students before the close of the present year.

Maine

1841

Portland, St. Dominic's,	Rev. P. Flood
Whitefield, St. Dennis',	Rev. Dennis Ryan
Augusta (church not dedicated),	Rev. Dennis Ryan
Newcastle, St. Patrick's,	Rev. Dennis Ryan
Gardiner,	Rev. Dennis Ryan
Bangor, St. Michael's,	Rev. Thomas O'Sullivan
Old Town, St. Anne's,	Rev. Thomas O'Sullivan
Bucksport,	Rev. Thomas O'Sullivan
Pleasant Point, St. Anne's,	Rev. M. Desmilliers

Eastport, St. Joseph's, Rev. M. Desmilliers
Benedicta (church not dedicated),
Served at present by Rev. Wm. Tyler

Maine

1842

Portland, St. Dominic's, Rev. P. Flood
Whitefield, St. Dennis', Rev. J. O'Beirne
Augusta (church not dedicated), Rev. J. O'Beirne
New Castle, St. Patrick's, Rev. J. O'Beirne
Bangor, St. Michael's, Rev. Thomas O'Sullivan
Old Town, St. Anne's, Rev. Thomas O'Sullivan
Bucksport, Rev. Thomas O'Sullivan
Pleasant Point, St. Anne's, Rev. M. Desmilliers
Eastport, St. Joseph's, Rev. J. B. Mahan
Benedicta (church not dedicated),
Served at present by Rev. William Tyler
Rev. D. Ryan in Pawtucket this year.

Maine

1843

Portland, St. Dominic's
Whitefield, St. Dennis', Rev. J. O'Beirne
Augusta (church not dedicated), Rev. J. O'Beirne
New Castle, St. Patrick's, Rev. J. Beirne
Gardiner, Rev. J. O'Beirne
Bangor, St. Michael's, Rev. Thomas O'Sullivan
Old Town, St. Anne's, Rev. M. Desmilliers
Eastport, St. Joseph's, Rev. J. B. McMahon
Benedicta (church not dedicated),
Served at present by Very Rev. William Tyler
(Afterwards Bishop of Hartford)
Rev. D. Ryan in Pawtucket

Maine

1844

Portland, St. Dominic's, Rev. Patrick O'Beirne
Whitefield, St. Dennis', Rev. Patrick O'Beirne
Augusta (church not dedicated), Rev. Patrick O'Beirne
New Castle, St. Patrick's, Rev. Patrick O'Beirne
Gardiner, Rev. Patrick O'Beirne
Bangor, St. Michael's, Rev. Thomas O'Sullivan

Old Town, St. Anne's,	Rev. Thomas O'Sullivan
Bucksport,	Rev. Thomas O'Sullivan
Eastport, St. Joseph's,	Rev. Bernard Caraher
Pleasant Point, St. Anne's,	Rev. Bernard Caraher
Machias,	Rev. Bernard Caraher
Calais,	Rev. Bernard Caraher
Benedicta (church not dedicated),	Rev. Menasses Dougherty
Houlton (church not dedicated),	Rev. Manasses Dougherty

Madawaska in this section allotted to State of Maine by late treaty with Great Britain. There are two Catholic Churches served by clergymen from Quebec.

Maine

1845

Portland, St. Dominic's,	Rev. James Power
Whitefield, St. Dennis',	Rev. Dennis Ryan
Augusta (church not dedicated),	Rev. Dennis Ryan
New Castle, St. Patrick's,	Rev. Dennis Ryan
Bangor, St. Michael's,	Rev. Thomas O'Sullivan
Old Town, St. Anne's,	Rev. Thomas O'Sullivan
Bucksport and Ellsworth,	Rev. Thomas O'Sullivan
Eastport, St. Joseph's,	Rev. Bernard Caraher
Pleasant Point, St. Anne's,	Rev. Bernard Caraher
Machias,	Rev. Bernard Caraher
Calais,	Rev. Bernard Caraher
Benedicta (church not dedicated),	Rev. William Moran
Houlton,	Rev. William Moran
Madawaska from Quebec as last year	

Maine

1846

Portland, St. Dominic's,	Rev. M. Power
Whitefield, St. Dennis',	Rev. Dennis Ryan
New Castle, St. Patrick's,	Rev. Dennis Ryan
Gardiner,	Rev. Dennis Ryan
Augusta,	Rev. Dennis Ryan
Bangor, St. Michael's,	Rev. Thomas O'Sullivan
Old Town, St. Anne's,	Rev. Thomas O'Sullivan
Bucksport,	Rev. Thomas O'Sullivan
Eastport, St. Joseph's,	Rev. John Boyce
Pleasant Point, St. Anne's,	Rev. John Boyce
Machias (church not dedicated),	Rev. John Boyce
Calais (church not dedicated),	Rev. William Moran

Benedicta (church not dedicated),	Rev. William Moran
Houlton (church not dedicated),	Rev. William Moran
Madawaska, two churches,	Priests from Quebec

Maine

1847

Portland, St. Dominic's,	Rev. J. McGuire
Whitefield, St. Dennis',	Rev. P. Caraher
New Castle, St. Patrick's,	Rev. P. Caraher
Gardiner,	Rev. P. Caraher
Augusta,	Rev. P. Caraher
Bath,	Rev. P. Caraher
Thomaston,	Rev. P. Caraher
Belfast,	Rev. P. Caraher
Bangor, St. Michael's,	Rev. T. O'Sullivan
Old Town, St. Anne's,	Rev. T. O'Sullivan
Bucksport,	Rev. T. O'Sullivan
Eastport, St. Joseph's,	Rev. John Boyce
Pleasant Point, St. Anne's,	Rev. John Boyce
Machias (new church),	Rev. John Boyce
Calais (new church)	Rev. John Boyce
Benedicta, St. Benedict's,	Rev. William Moran
Houlton (church not dedicated),	Rev. William Moran
Madawaska,	Quebec priests

Maine

1848

Portland, St. Dominic's,	Rev. J. McGuire
Whitefield, St. Dennis',	Rev. J. O'Reilly
New Castle, St. Patrick's,	Rev. J. O'Reilly
Augusta, St. Mary's,	Rev. J. O'Reilly
Gardiner,	Rev. J. O'Reilly
Bath,	Rev. J. O'Reilly
Thomaston,	Rev. J. O'Reilly
Belfast,	Rev. J. O'Reilly
Bangor, St. Michael's,	Rev. T. O'Sullivan
Indian Old Town, St. Anne's,	Rev. T O'Sullivan
Bucksport and other stations,	Rev. T. O'Sullivan
Pleasant Point, St. Anne's for the Passamaquoddy Indian Tribe),	Rev. J. Boyce
Machias, St. Mary's,	Rev. J. Boyce
Calais (new church),	Rev. J. Boyce
Benedicta, St. Benedict's,	Rev. W. Moran
Houlton, St. Mary's and other stations,	Rev. W. Moran
Madawaska,	clergyman from Quebec

Maine

1849

Portland, St. Dominic's,	Rev. J. McGuire
Whitefield, St. Dennis',	Rev. J. O'Reilly
New Castle, St. Patrick's,	Rev. J. O'Reilly
Augusta, St. Mary's,	Rev. J. O'Reilly
Gardiner,	Rev. J. O'Reilly
Bath,	Rev. J. O'Reilly
Thomaston,	Rev. J. O'Reilly
Belfast,	Rev. J. O'Reilly
Bangor, St. Michael's,	Rev. T. O'Sullivan
Bucksport,	Rev. T. O'Sullivan

Indian Old Town, St. Anne's (Penobscot Indians),
Rev. Jas. Moore, S. J., Rev. J. B. Bapst, S. J. and two lay brothers

Pleasant Point, St. Anne's (Passamaquoddy Indians),
Rev. Jas. Moore, S. J., Rev. J. B. Bapst, S. J. and two lay brothers

Eastport, St. Joseph's,	Rev. John O'Donnell
Machias, St. Mary's,	Rev. John O'Donnell
Calais (new church),	Rev. John O'Donnell
Benedicta, St. Benedict's,	Rev. W. Moran
Houlton and other stations,	Rev. W. Moran
Madawaska,	clergymen from Quebec

A JUNE IDYL.

Erect and gaunt toward summer skies,
Enswarthed in garb of emerald dyes,
Patched and tattered as beggars cloak,
With stunted pine and storm-wrecked oak,
Marching straight towards the limeless west,
With neither break, nor peak, nor rest,
Two rocky walls between them hold
A river—and thus deep enfold
Weird legends of the tribes long dead,
Whose hunting grounds,—a river's bed,
Now makes its rocks and weedy face,
For fish and gnat, a sporting place,
While glancing up to meet the eye
Of him who, musing, lingers by,
To shape his thoughts in solitude
Or revel in a passing mood,
No answer goes to greet such seer,
Who fain the unrevealed would hear,
From wave and rill as on they flow
In death's lament, o'er skull and bow.

An Episode in Our History

A move looking to a fair settlement of the great school question in a brotherly manner, placed by the Rt. Rev. Louis S. Walsh before the honorable members of our present Legislature in their regular session last spring, and the manner in which it was received, shows that the old time spirit of fairness always so predominant in the greater part of our public men is yet in evidence, and that once they realize the worth of a measure, a generous response will not be wanting.

Outside of a few isolated incidents for which the great majority of our population has been in no wise responsible, the people of Maine have been fair in their treatment of the great Catholic Church, even at a time when her adherents were few and of little or no influence.

Even at this present day, we have found them ready, in fact most willing, especially in places where Catholics were weak in numbers and wealth, to assist with good substantial financial aid in the upbuilding of that Church which means so much to her faithful children.

At a time when other States were enacting laws restricting Catholics in their rights as citizens of the great American Republic, even the past winter when so many legislatures were giving place to the favorable discussion of Convent Inspection bills or other anti-Catholic measures, the promoters of similar moves were given to understand that they could quietly withdraw from our Legislative Chambers, and thus leave the good people of Maine in that brotherly accord which has as a rule, and should always abide between the citizens of a great Commonwealth.

Maine will soon celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of her admission to the United States as a sovereign State. One of the great reasons for rejoicing in this happy event, will be the fact that Maine placed no disabilities on her Catholic citizens when starting on her Career as a member of the American Union. This had been done in other States, and many of those laws, though obsolete, yet remain on the statute books.

The question naturally came to the front, when Maine was considering the formation of her Constitution, and one of our reasons for rejoicing in her long and honorable career as a State is that She met it in the proper spirit and settled it for all time along the lines of justice and equity.

There has always been some doubt as to just how this important matter was placed in its proper light before the fairminded moulders of our Constitution. Who the good angel was that threw his kindly influence over the men of his day, and gave them that guidance so essential for the justness of their action may never be known. They had followed the example of older States, but the moment this important matter was placed before them in its true light, they did not hesitate to retrace their steps, and give to their Catholic fellow citizens all that was justly due them.

The late Major Dickey so long a member of the Legislature from Fort Kent, has given perhaps one of the best, as well as one of the most correct explanations of how Maine, to her eternal glory, chanced to start so well in the career of her Statehood.

For many years Major Dickey was a prominent figure before the people of Maine. So faithful was he to his constituency, that he was returned year after year to represent them in the annual sessions of our Legislature, and few there were who did not seek the acquaintance of Major Dickey, when at Augusta. A delightful conversationalist, his well stored mind, and his long acquaintance with the public men of our State, gave him an advantage not often enjoyed. Just before the close of his career, for he was then, if we remember correctly, long past the age of eighty years, having to deal with matters pertaining to the welfare of the Catholic Church in Madawaska, before the honorable members of the Judiciary Committee, the aged man whose memories went back to the early days of his native State, chanced to recall to one of the Press correspondents what he had by merest chance learned about this very happy episode in the constitutional history of our State.

In his usual reminiscent mood, Major Dickey said to the representative of the Portland Daily Press:

"When the Convention of the Province of Maine met in Portland in 1819 to form a State Constitution, the delegates adopted, among other features of the old Massachusetts Constitution, a clause denying Catholics the right to hold office. On the morning after this clause was adopted, the Chairman of the Convention—I think John Holmes was the man, found on his desk a sealed envelope. He opened it and found within an argument against the discriminating clause.

"No name was signed to it, but so strong was the argument that when the Chairman read it to the convention, the anti-Catholic article was reconsidered and stricken out by a unanimous vote.

"Who the author of the ananymous letter was, was not known for many years. I discovered him in a peculiar way.

"Edward Kavenaugh, of Damariscotta, Governor of Maine about 1843, was an intimate friend of mine. He was one of

the most modest as well as one of the ablest men of Maine. One day he dropped in my presence an expression that led me to suspect that he was the author of the letter that had so powerfully influenced the Convention. I remembered the incident, and some years after his death I called on his sister, Miss Winifred Kavenaugh, at Damariscotta. She gave me permission to examine the Governor's papers which were in a great chest up stairs.

"After several hours of search I found the original manuscript in full of that argument that turned the Constitutional Convention.

"It was in Kavenaugh's handwriting, and was endorsed on the back by Bishop Fenwick, an early Catholic divine of New England, who was an intimate friend, and sometimes chaplain of Governor Kavenaugh.

"Kavenaugh wrote the article while finishing his education at Montreal. Not daring to trust his own judgment, he sent it to Bishop Fenwick for his approval. That approval was given, and the article sent to the Convention with remarkable results. Kavenaugh was a remarkable man, and a great scholar as well. He was on the Northeastern Boundary Commission, where his knowledge of French made him very useful. Being president of the State Senate when John Fairfield was elected to the National Senate, he succeeded to the office of Governor, which he could never have filled, probably, but for his modest and powerful argument addressed to the Constitutional Convention of 1819."

Rev. Francis Louis Dumont, S. S.

The Company of St. Sulpice suffered another loss in the death of the Rev. Francis Louis Dumont which took place at Providence Hospital, Washington, D. C., May 11, 1915. Though he had attained the ripe age of 77 years, Father Dumont like the late and deeply lamented Father Chapon of the same society, was still in the midst of his usefulness as a pious priest, filling at the time of his death the responsible position of Director of Divinity Hall at the Catholic University.

"In Father Dumont," states the University Bulletin, "we have lost a model priest and a sympathetic friend, while the Sulpician community mourns one of the few remaining members of the devoted body of young French priests who came to Baltimore in the sixties and seventies, and toiled thenceforth unceasingly in the humble but all-important training service of the Ecclesiastical body."

May the good Lord remember Father Dumont's long and faithful service of over fifty years in His holy ministry, and grant him eternal rest.

The Catholic Church in Maine

Sebastian Rale, Missionary.

Sebastian Rale's missionary life at Narantsouac was in truth so filled with the faithful performance of his duties towards his Indian parishioners, that little if any time remained for dwelling on thoughts of home. This fact is most beautifully placed before us by Parkman in "A Half Century of Conflict" Vol. 1, pp. 218-219. Rale's leisure hours were few. He preached, exhorted, catechised the young converts, counselled their seniors for this world and the next, nursed them in sickness, composed their quarrels, tilled his own garden, cut his own firewood, cooked his own food, which was of Indian corn, or, at a pinch, of roots and achorns, worked at his Abenaki vocabulary, and, being an expert at handicraft, made ornaments for the church, or moulded candles from the fruit of the bayberry, or wax-myrtle."

Busy as was his daily life at the mission, practically the same work was continued when he had occasion to follow his people when as the case might be they betook themselves either to our great inland lakes or to some favored spot by the sea where they might perchance tarry for several months.

In a long letter to his Brother, written from "Narantsouac, this 12th of October, 1723," Father Rale gives in detail, conditions accompanying these journeys.

"At certain seasons," writes the zealous missionary, "our people go to a river not very far distant, where during one month the fish ascend the river in so great numbers that a man could fill fifty thousand barrels with them in a day if he could be equal to the task. These fish are a sort of large herring, very agreeable to the taste when they are fresh; they crowd upon each other to the depth of a foot, and are drawn up as you would draw water. The Savages put them to dry for eight days or ten days, and they live upon them during the whole time while they are planting their fields.

They plant corn in the spring, and do their last tilling about Corpus Christi day; after that they consider to which place by the sea they shall go to seek food until the time of the harvest, which generally takes place shortly after the Assumption. After having conferred together, they sent to beg me to come to their assembly. As soon as I arrive, one of the members speaks thus in the name of all the others: 'Our father what I say to thee is what all these whom thou seest here say to thee; thou knowest

us, and thou knowest that we are in great need of provisions. We have scarcely been able to give the last work to our fields, and we have no other resource until the harvest, but to go to the shore of the sea in search of food. It would be hard for us to give up our prayer; therefore we hope that thou wilt be disposed to accompany us, so that while seeking for food, we shall not interrupt our prayer. Such and such men are going to take thee in their canoe, and what thou hast to carry shall be distributed among the other canoes. Thou has heard what I have to say to thee. I have no sooner responded kekikberba (this is a savage expression which means, 'I hear you, my children; I grant what you ask')? then all cry out at the same time ouriounie, which is an expression of thanks. Immediately after this they set out from the Village.

As soon as we have reached the place where we are to spend the night, they set up poles at certain intervals, in the form of a chapel, they surround it with a large tent-cloth, and it is open only in front. The whole is set up in a quarter of an hour. I always have them take for me a smooth cedarboard, four feet long, with something to support it: this serves for an altar, above which is placed a very appropriate canopy. I adorn the interior of the Chapel with the most beautiful silk fabric; a mat of rushes colored and well wrought, or perhaps a large bear skin, serve as a carpet. These are carried all ready for use, and as soon as the Chapel is set up, we need only to arrange them. At night I sleep upon a rug; the Savages sleep uncovered in the open fields, if it do not rain; if it rain or snow, they cover themselves with sheets of bark, which they carry with them, and which are rolled up like cloth. If the journey is to be made in winter, they remove the snow from the place where the Chapel is to be placed, and then set it up as usual. Every day we have evening and morning prayers, and I offer the holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

When the Savages have come to the end of their journey, they busy themselves on the very next day in erecting a Church, which they cover with their sheets of bark. I carry with me my chapel and every thing that is necessary to adorn the chancel, which I cause to be hung with silks and handsome calicoes. Divine services is performed as it is in the Village; and in truth they, with all their bark cabins, which they erect in less than an hour constitute a sort of a Village.

After the Assumption they leave the Sea, and return to the Village to gather their harvest. They have from it something to live upon, although in a very wretched way, until after All Saints' day, when they return a second time to the Sea. At that season they have very good food. Besides large fish, shellfish, and fruit, they find bustards, ducks, and all sorts of game, with which the sea is covered at the place where they encamp

which is divided into a large number of small islands. The hunters who go out in the morning to hunt ducks and other kinds of game sometimes kill a score at a single shot. At the purification,—or at the latest, on Ash Wednesday,—they return to the Village; it is only the hunters who separate from the people and go to hunt bears, elks, deer, and beavers."

These journeys in search of food whether at some beautiful spot along our sea coast, or on the deeply wooded shores of some great inland lake, gave to Father Rale an opportunity of keeping in constant touch with his neophytes, as well as enlarging his sphere of usefulness among the neighboring divisions of the great Abenaquis tribe, for they all gathered without doubt at their old time trysting places, not only for the attainment of life's necessities, but for the enjoyment of those time honored pastimes so common among the Indian tribes of our State.

Whilst sharing their days of plenty and privation, the Jesuit father never lost sight of the one great object of his stay among them, so that wherever they might chance to be, his rude cabin was ever the center whence they drew their religious consolations. His days were here equally filled with those Christian ministraions so common among their primitive huts on the plains at Narantsouac. For him, we cannot help feeling that summer at the Indian encampments on our beautiful and romantic coast was not without its joys: and while it is not given us to know the exact spot where they were accustomed to tarry, the numerous shell heaps so much in evidence on nearly every beauty spot along our rock bound shores, the sad reminders of the feastings of a departed race, amply prove that God's untutored child, realized perchance as fully as we of to-day, the select spots on which He seems to have exhausted, as it were Himself, in all the adornments bestowed on the many Divinely favored vantage points along our sea coast. Many of them to-day sites for the homes of wealth, while here and there, the shell heaps bursting through their well groomed lawns, tell us only too plainly the history of a generation that has passed and gone. Prone as we are to-day to speak of the beauties of nature, and apt to forget the artistic touch of the Creator's hand, we must remember that the humble missionary, never lost an opportunity of using the primeval adornments, in bringing before the childlike minds of his Indian parishioners, the glories of the Creator, and the cares which he has lavished on man's destined eternal home.

No one was able to appeal more strongly to the Indian than he who shared his daily life. The fact that the missionary lived among them as one of their own, partook of their oft times scanty food, frequented like a ministering angel their primitive huts at Narantsouac, or their temporary shelters when on their summer or winter excursions, encouraging the love of all that was good and just among them, assuaging the sick, starting the little ones

right in life, giving the consolations of our holy religion to those about to depart, raising in their souls all those aspirations of hope, so common in the heart of man, for the possession of the untold joys of the future life, enabled Father Rale to journey on with his people, sharing their fullest confidences, thereby leading them to the complete acceptance of those truths so essential for man's temporal well being while here below, so necessary hereafter for his eternal happiness.

All of us enjoy our summer days in Maine; from far and away beyond our borders the weary tourist comes to recreate and renew life's dying embers, but the autumnal frosts follow but too quickly, and we soon find ourselves amid the rigors of our northern winter. Following his people from their sojourn at the sea side, we may well picture Father Rale, after a few months' tarry at the village, again taking up his toilsome journey to accompany them on their winter hunt.

In writing abut the heroic Le Jeune's first days among the Indians, the gifted Parkman gives us in detail something of the difficulties of the winter excursions. The scene is placed in northern Maine in "those savage highlands whence issue the springs of the St. John."

"Winter had set in, and already dead Nature was sheeted in funeral white. Lakes and ponds were frozen, rivulets sealed up, torrents encased with stalacites of ice; the black rocks and the black trunks of the pine-trees were beplastered with snow, and heavy masses crushed the dull green boughs into drifts beneath. The forest was silent as the grave."

"Through this desolation the long file of Indians made its way, all on snow-shoes, each man, woman, and child bending under a heavy load, or dragging a sledge, narrow, but of prodigious length. They carried their whole wealth with them, on their backs or on their sledges,—kettles, axes, bales of meat, if such they had, and huge rolls of birch-bark for covering their wigwams. The Jesuit was loaded like the rest. The dogs floundered through the drifts unburdened. There was neither path nor level ground.

"Descending, climbing, stooping beneath half-fallen trees, clambering over piles of prostrate trunks, struggling through matter cedar-swamps, threading chill ravines, and crossing streams no longer visible they toiled on till the day began to decline, then stopped to encamp. Burdens were thrown down, and sledges unlaiden. The squaws with knives and hatchets, cut long poles of birch and spruce saplings; while the men, with snow-shoes for shovels, cleared a round or square place in the snow, and formed an upright wall three or four feet high, enclosing the area of the wigwam. On one side a passage was cut for an entrance, and the poles were planted around the top of the wall of snow, sloping and converging. On these poles were spread

the sheets of birch-bark; a bear skin was hung in the passage-way for a door; the bare ground within and the surrounding snow was covered with spruce boughs! and the work was done."

"Thus lodged they remained so long as game could be found within a circuit of ten or twelve miles, and then, subsistence failing, removed to another spot. Early in winter they hunted the beaver and the Canada porcupine; and later in the season of the deep snows, chased the moose and the caribou."

"Put aside the bear-skin, and enter the hut. Here in a space of some thirteen feet square, were packed nineteen savages, men women, and children, with their dogs crouched, squatted, coiled like hedgehogs, or lying on their backs, with knees drawn up perpendicularly to keep their feet out of the fire. Le Jeune, always methodical, arranges the grievances inseparable from these rough quarters under four chief heads,—Cold, Heat, Smoke, and Dogs. The bark covering was full of crevices, through which the icy blasts streamed in upon him from all sides; and the hole above, at once window and chimney, was so large, that as he lay, he could watch the stars as well as in the open air. While the fire in the midst, fed on fat pine-knots, scorched him on one side, on the other he had much to do to keep himself from freezing. At times, however, the crowded hut seemed heated to the temperature of an oven. But these evils were light when compared with the intolerable plague of smoke. During a snow-storm, and often at other times, the wigwam was filled with fumes so dense,stifling, and acrid, that its inmates were forced to lie on their faces, breathing through mouths in contact with the cold earth. Their throats and nostrils felt as if on fire;; their scorched eyes streamed with tears; and when Le Jeune tried to read, the letters of his breviary seemed printed in blood.

The dogs were not an unmixed evil, for by sleeping on and around him, they kept him warm at night, but as an ofset to this good service, they walked, ran, and jumped over him as he lay, snatched the food from his birchen dish, or in a mad rush at some bone or discarded morsel, now and then overset both dish and missionary."

"Sometimes of an evening he would leave the filthy den, to read his breviary in peace by the light of the moon. In the forest around sounded the sharp crack of frost-riven trees; and from the horizon to the zenith shot up the silent meteors of the northern lights, in whose fitful flashings the awe-struck Indians beheld the dancing spirits of the dead. The cold gnawed him to the bone; and his devotions over, he turned back shivering. The illuminated hut, from many a chink and crevice, shot forth into the gloom long streams of light athwart the twisted boughs. He stooped and entered. All within glowed red and fiery around the blazing pine-knots where, like brutes in their kennel,

were gathered the savage crew. He stepped to his place, over recumbent bodies and leggined and moccasined limbs, and seated himself on the carpet of spruce boughs."

The Kennebec Indians were wont to frequent the Moosehead region of our State in winter oftener perchance than in summer. Here in abundance of the deep snows, was it possible for them to slay the large game then so common in our State; here through the long frozen ice of this our greatest inland sea, could they capture the gamy denizens of the deep, the pale hued salmon, and the speckled trout; here about the Kineo of to-day were quarried and fashioned the flint or horn-blend weapons and instruments found in such abundance at Narantsouac as well as in other parts of our State; here Father Rale during his thirty years of missionary career in Maine, was not unfrequently called on to endure the self-same trials and privations of forest life in winter that had been the portion of his brother priest and missionary, the sainted Le Jeune.

Such were the labors of Sebastian Rale, Missionary. The plains of Narantsouac were sanctified by his presence; his sacrifices, his exemplary life ever the echo of his faith; his constant attention to his wandering flock, his care of the young, a ministering angel at the bedside of the sick and dying, offering day by day in many a long since forgotten place, the clean Oblation, the eternal Sacrifice for the living and the dead, we cannot but feel that his spirit yet abides in the land hallowed by his sainted deeds and that

"On the shadow of death there is flashing
The glory of noble deeds done;
On the face of the dead there is glowing
The light of a holy race run;
And the smile of the face is reflecting
The gleam of the crown he has won.
Still, shadow! sleep on in the vestments
Unstained by the priest who has gone."

St. Mary's College, Van Buren

TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT.

The closing exercises of the scholastic year were held in the College hall at Van Buren, Wednesday evening, June 16th in the presence of a large and distinguished audience.

The Commencement play, "Vacation" was well rendered and the close attention of those present was held from the beginning to the finish of the exercises.

The degree of B. A. was conferred on Armand Albert and Ralph Bradly of Van Buren, and Alton Carroll of Houlton.

Diplomas on the completion of the Commercial course, were awarded Francis Dubay of Van Buren, Eugene Mitchell of Lewiston, Henery Michaud and Andrew Michaud of Fort Kent.

The Valedictory was delivered by Armand Albert of Van Buren.

Note

With the present issue closes the fourth volume of the Maine Catholic Historical Magazine. During its existence of two years the magazine has with the feeble resources at its disposal done its best to render available for the great mass of our people in part the early Catholic history of our State, which is in truth a story in which they may one and all take laudable pride,—for it is doubtful if there is another State in the American Union where the Church has had a more eventful career since that summer day in 1604 when she raised her standard on Ste. Croix Island to the present moment when in the Diocesan Chronology, we are recording the various milestones in her constant march towards her glorious destiny.

We have endeavored to touch on the work of the early missionaries at Mount Desert, at Pentagoet, at Narantsouac, that their lives of toils and sacrifice might be in evidence as an inspiration to the present generation which may, we hope and trust, render the present epoch as glorious for the future historian, as is the past for us of today.

The work of the Church in our State during the past three hundred years is deserving of consideration, and should be known at least by her children who may and should rejoice in the enviable part taken by their ancestors in the upbuilding of the present flourishing organization which under the fostering care of the present zealous ordinary, the Rt. Rev. Louis S. Walsh, is doing so much for the moral and intellectual life of our beloved State.

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
3 8151 001 24673 2

LIBRARY OF ST. JOHN'S
BOSTON ECCLESIASTICAL SEMINARY